

SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST

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COSMOS

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ULTRA-VIOLET

by P. Schuyler Miller

Like great torches of Hell the lights burned at either end of the long bare laboratory--flaming red of neon and deathly blue of mercury. The shadows that lurked behind the ranks of bottles crept and writhed in the pulsing light from the giant tubes. Under the great shaft of wan blue stood a chair with a strangely crumpled form -- a man whose labored breathing proved sleep, not death, to dominate the silent room. Beside him stood a small table, marble-topped, on it many little vials with labels of myriad hues and a cylinder of polished steel with plunger and keen-tipped needle.

Where the room lay bathed in flaming red, a door opened noiselessly and a woman entered. Young-old she seemed, her eyes strained under the red glare, her face set in a crimson mask of cunning. And in the red light of the neon her eyes were black pools of frenzied, hellish hate.

Like a slinking cat she stole across the floor, the cat's lithe noiseless grace in every breathless motion. For an instant she paused where the lights warred and mingled in the white light of day, and in that instant her tumbled hair showed golden and her face gleamed weirdly under the rival colors. Then she crept on into the blue half-light that made of her a livid spectre of death.

By the table she paused, searching among the many colors for those two which meant life for her and death for another -- for that inhuman hunter of men who lay in drugged sleep beside his little vials of temptation. She heard again those cold words, baring to her the deadly secret, mocking her fear of him:

"--I alone, and you, my beloved wife, know the symbols of the colors, and you I trust."]

Where were they-where? Ah, the black - and there another! Which-which the sudden, painless death-or is it both? No matter, there is yet the yellow-the yellow, paralyzing venom of the wasp. Golden torture to its victim doomed to life in death! Eternal torment to that diabolic mind that hounded weary men to their graves and conceived the punishment of a drug-starved marriage for her - her whose trail he had followed to the end!

But there is no yellow-it is gone-and too the

crimson, the pleasant, dreamless sleep-both gone! Only the black is there, swift and painless. Fate is cruel! So be it.

There, in the corded muscles of his neck, the shining needle must strike and the poison flow. It is done! No time to exult in the coming of death-the green remains, the drug of life, the morphia.

God! Is it gone? Has he tricked her-the hell-hound? No. No, it is here, the cool blue-green of jade, of life. Quick now-the syringe cleansed-the stopper-will it never open? Now - now-fire in her veins-life thrilling through them.

Strange-it never felt so before. It is as if her muscles were knotting, dying-only her brain still alive. This blue light-it is hard to see. Over there the light is brighter-she must go there. It is hard to walk-so hard. Ah-now. Strange how her hair shows green-yellow hair and blue light. Yellow and blue.

God! Oh God!

The syringe falls from stiffening fingers. The vial crushes in her freezing grip. Slowly, painfully her eyes reach the label -- fix there.

It is yellow.

"You see," said the coroner, "in the blue-green and ultra-violet light of the mercury arc all the labels changed. The red seemed black, as the complimentary colors mixed. The yellow seemed green, jade-green. But there was another queer thing -- the vial with the black label. You see, in pure ultra-violet light that black dye fluoresces to give a bright crimson. But here there was blue light, too, and the red fluorescence was swallowed up by the blue, so that it seemed black -- its normal color.

"Fate plays some cruel tricks, and some kind ones. There were two black-seeming vials. She might just as well have picked the actual harmless red. And she took the yellow herself, thinking it the green that was not there. God knows what its effect was-torture-madness. But she was paralyzed by it and fell. It is best that her neck was broken."

[Please turn to page 14]

IMAGINARY WARS

by Julius Schwartz

To give a complete account of all the books that have been written concerning imaginary wars is well-nigh impossible. However, it will be interesting to see exactly with what some of the most important of these prophetic books dealt.

"The Battle of Darking," by Sir George Tompkins Chesney, first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1871, and was so successful that it ran through several editions. This book may not have been the first account of future warfares, but it was certainly one of the first of a series that described theoretical invasions of England by Germany. The author tells the story to his grandchildren in 1925 of Germany's invasion of England after they had just conquered France.

For more than 20 years no similar writings of this sort appeared, then around 1900 or so H. G. Wells described terrible cataclysms, wars, invasions from Mars, and the advent of the Yellow Peril. These are perhaps the basis for the great number of 'imaginary war' novels that were to follow in its wake.

Shortly after, H.H. Munro in "When William Came" gave his account of another imaginary invasion of England by Germany.

But none of these books can compete in detail with William Le Queux's "The Invasion of 1910," written in 1906. It is a long, engrossing and absorbing tale. In it the author has us travel 10,000 miles in a motor car, studying the geographical features of the invaded district. It is another tale of Germany vs. England. The Germans land upon England's shores and there many mighty battles ensue. London is bombarded, besieged and finally captured. But with the rally of the English volunteers the enemy is repulsed but the story still ends quite unsatisfactorily.

"The Great Pacific War," by Hector C. Bywater is one of a series of wars between Japan and the United States that seem to be so popular with the prophetic writers. Then there are more 'world wars': "The Red Napoleon" by Floyd Gibbons, and "Death Rattle," by Hanns Gobsch.

But undoubtedly the most remarkable of all these forecasts of the war of the future is "The Great War of 189-." It was published in 1893,

and was the result of the collaboration of the foremost military and naval officers of the day, such as Rear Admiral Colomb, Col. J. F. Maurice, Capt. F. N. Maude.

Some of the incidents came surprisingly close to the actual events of the summer of 1914 (twenty years after the publication of the book, mind you). The war breaks out in the Balkans. This fictitious war had for its immediate cause the assassination of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. His would-be assassins are urged on by "Russian intrigue," whereupon some "editorial comments" are made in an unnamed newspaper.

Servia and Bulgaria soon take up arms. Here fact refuses, however, to follow fiction. Austria invades Servia and takes possession of Belgrade. Russia and Germany are soon at war, and France loses little time in declaring hostilities against her old enemy. England fights France by sea, and Russia by land. There is a general mix-up, by which in the end nobody is benefited much -- a prophecy rational enough.

A story of the amazing conquest of the United States worked out in minute detail is Cleveland Moffett's "The Conquest of America," while, perhaps, the most thrilling of all the imaginative wars is Jack London's "The Great Invasion" -- a masterpiece of fantastic literature.

A thought: at the end of the next conflict, I wonder if any of us will be around to compare that war with some of the wars forecast in some of the above books.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
 "Scroll of Armageddon," the record of the Last War, by Arthur J. Burks, will soon appear in SFD. Read this grim prophecy of mankind's doom. Armageddon, the terrible war, which is to end all war -- by exterminating the human race -- has never been so graphically portrayed as in this great story. Mr. Burks is well known to our readers for "Earth, the Marauder," and other tales which appeared in *Astounding Stories*. Don't miss "Scroll of Armageddon," which he declares is his best science fiction story.

.....

Other science fiction stories by Arthur J. Burks, L. A. Eshbach, P. Schuyler Miller, Wallace Wray Quitman, Raymond A. Palmer, Fletcher Pratt, and others, are coming soon.

EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph. D.

by Julius Schwartz

(via Fourth-Order Communicator)

Schwartz: Ah, I'm on your wave at last. Good morning, Doc! QRM's pretty bad, isn't it--your old pan looks like a Chinese puzzle!

Smith: Normal, huh? Partly due to the width of your beam, though--you're covering half the planet. That's better--I can see who you are now. Hi, Julius; what's the big idea?

Schwartz: Your own fault; I had to cover 14 states to find you. The idea is that the readers of SFD want the dope on you, and have appointed me a committee of nine to get it. We already have Merritt, Bates, and the other big guns, and now we want you. So you might as well start dishing it out,

Smith: Where?

Schwartz: Start 'way back and work up to now. Make it complete, but snappy.

Smith: All x. Great-great grandfather, Edward Elmer Smith, captain in British Navy under Nelson. Edward Elmer II, also captain British navy. Edward Elmer III came to America and made whaling life work. Incidentally, the youngest of these Edward Elmers to die went on at the age of 107. Besides breaking away from England and her navy, EEIII broke the succession of Edward Elmers by naming my father Fred Jay. Said Fred, after devoting his youth to the pursuit of the sportive cetacea, was shipwrecked one time too many for his peace of mind and moved from Maine to Michigan. There he married Caroline Mills -- lines of descent Mills of Michigan, Denison of New England. Deponent was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on May 2, 1890. Moved to Spokane, Washington, when one year old. In 1902 moved to Seneaque, Idaho (ten miles from a post office). There about three years -- clearing land, farming, lumbering. At fifteen, went on my own. Sawmilling, rail-roading, mining (everything from mucking to running a two-fifty Sullivan slugger). Street car conductor (looked older than I was, so could claim to be 21), teamster, asphalt foreman, freight checker, shipping clerk. Tired of city work, went surveying. Axeman, stake-artist, rear-flag, head-flag, levelman. In meantime, had begun to realize my own ignorance and had picked up enough

knowledge to pass eighth grade examination. Older sister and brother rounded me up, backed me into a stiff collar, and sent me to the prep school of the University of Idaho. For a year or so I went in for study in a big way and got to be a Freshman. Went out for athletics, but was a flop; too light for football, stripping only 180 and not having brains enough to be a quarterback (this was under the old rules, you know); not so good at baseball; ditto at basketball -- mostly because of slowly improving ankylosed joints in arm, wrist, and leg resulting from various smash-ups in woods and mines. Won the Engineering Scholarship for three-year highest standing in College of Engineering, and graduated in Chemical Engineering.

First job offered was in food work in the Bureau of Chemistry, in Washington. Took it, and started studying organic and food chemistry in George Washington University. Married Jeannie Craig MacDougall of Boise, Idaho (formerly of Glasgow, Scotland) on Oct. 5, 1915. Became a cereal technologist. Resigned to take job as flour specialist with Corby Co., Langdon, D.C. Went back into Bureau of Chemistry as research specialist in wheat flour. Came the war. Wanted to be an aviator, or at least a member of the CWS, but the authorities couldn't see it; so was 'loaned' to the Food Administration, and tried to find out how to make bread without flour. Had picked up my M.S. degree -- en passant, so to speak -- for some emergency work done at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Went ahead and got my Ph.D. at George Washington on "The Effect of the Oxides of Nitrogen upon the Carotin Molecule -- $C_{40}H_{56}$." In 1919, the war over, I came to Hillsdale, Michigan as chief chemist for F. W. Stock & Sons. Did quite a lot of work on fully prepared flours -- doughnut, waffle, biscuit, etc. -- and finally this side-line grew into really important business. So important, in fact, that the firm took me out of the main laboratory, built me a research laboratory, and called me "Director of Research." I am now in line for the honorary D. Dn. [Doctor of Doughnuts]. That brings me up, not only to now, but up into next summer, and your readers will be ganz ausgespeilt long before they get this far. Better we sign off, huh, Julius?

Schwartz: Nix -- not yet. How about the

family?

Smith: Oh, sure. Roderick N., born Washington, D.C., June 3, 1918. Verna J. and Clarissa M., both born Hillsdale, August 25, 1920, and December 13, 1921, respectively.

Schwartz: One more thing. Tell us about your writing science fiction; how come you started and everything.

Smith: Started in prep school--always have wondered about things, and you get a wonderful look at the stars from a surveyor's camp in Montana. I wrote 'themes' in English 4-a which drew praise from a hard-boiled English prof. He wanted me to write as a business, but I soon discovered that, liking to eat occasionally, I had better stick to chemistry. Now it so happened that Carl Garby, my room-mate in college and my life-long friend, had also entered the Government service. Since I had also known his wife for years before their marriage, it was natural that our families should live in the same apartment house. We lived across the hall from each other, and developed a four-fold friendship of an extremely rare kind--a friendship which, although rendered only three-fold by the untimely death of Dr. Garby, and strained by the removal of the Smiths to Michigan, still endures.

Seated in the small, hot living-room of our apartment, under two electric fans, I began to rave one evening of how comfortable it would be out in the absolute zero of interstellar space. Lee Hawkins Garby -- Dr. Garby's charming wife, played up; as did Carl and Jean. During the next hour or so we actually lived through some of the fundamentals of "The Skylark of Space."

"Why don't you write that up as a book, Ted?" asked Mrs. Garby.

"Can't, Lee," I replied. "Got to have a love story to write a book, and I don't see how a love story would fit in with that kind of stuff."

"Well, you write the wild stuff, and the scientific stuff, and I'll put in the love story."

Thus was the "Skylark" born. Lee and I worked on it, off and on, for months ably assisted by Dr. Garby, a mathematical physicist of no mean attainments; and my wife Jean -- the Dorothy of the 'Skylarks,' the Nadia of the 'Spacehounds,' the Clio of 'Triplanetary.' Gradually, however, the embryonic masterpiece was abandoned; and it remained buried and forgotten

during the war, while I was almost everywhere except at home. By the winter of 1919, my first winter in Hillsdale, I had forgotten the 'Skylark's' very existence until I stumbled upon the outline while hunting for something else. Feeling a resurgence of interest, I resumed work on it; and by dint of much correspondence with Mrs. Garby, it was finally finished in 1921. Then, while the ms was making the rounds of publishing houses, I began work on 'Three.' Collaboration, bad enough when the partners can sit at the same table, becomes impossible at a distance; hence I became solely responsible for 'Three.' Meanwhile, "The Skylark of Space" traveled from one publisher to another; its travels producing what is probably the most complete collection of rejection slips extant. Finally, however, I heard of Amazing Stories, who accepted the novel and wanted its sequel. Since neither Amazing Stories nor I had any idea of the enthusiastic reception to be accorded the stories, I blithely cleaned up all the loose ends in 'Three' and began work upon 'Spacehounds.' I abandoned the 'Skylarks' deliberately, because the original and fundamental concepts were essentially pseudo-scientific and in many places grazed the impossible altogether too closely for comfort or defense. Also deliberately, I retained in 'Spacehounds' the same characters in essence, because they were real people, and people whom I knew and loved. I, myself consider 'Spacehounds' the best story of science fiction I have written. I like 'Triplanetary,' too -- but, while it may be called a lot of things, I do not believe that 'science fiction' will be one of them.

'Spacehounds' was finished in the fall of 1930. In the meantime there had arisen a certain amount of demand for another 'Skylark'; and, after I had managed acceptably to evade the epilogue to 'Three' (which was designed especially to make further 'Skylarks' impossible) I started to work out an outline for such a story. Needless to say, it was no easy task to design a yarn in progression with 'The Skylark of Space' and 'Three' that would not be either an anti-climax or a sheer fairy tale. Meanwhile, however, I had decided to try my hand at an out-and-out pseudo-scientific story, one which would not even pretend to be limited by such trifles as scientific plausibility;

(continued on page 14)

THEIR REAL NAMES!

Their Real Names	Their Pen Names
Arthur J. Burks	Estil Critchie
Gawain Edward Pendray	Gawain Edwards
Charles W. Diffin	C. D. Willard
Mrs. Cleveland Wright	Lillith Lorraine
William Fitzgerald Jenkins	Murray Leinster
Victor Rousseau Emanuel	Victor Rousseau
Captain S. P. Meek	Sterner St. Paul
Harl Vincent Schoepflin	Harl Vincent
Judson W. Reeves	Aladra Septama
Farnsworth Wright	Francis Hard
Edgar Van Namee	Jim Vanny
Roger Sherman Hoar	Ralph Milne Farley
Eric Temple Bell	John Taine
Arthur Sarsfield Ward	Sax Rohmer
Frank J. Breuckel, Jr.	Frank J. Bridge, Jr.
Edgar Rice Burroughs	Norman Bean
Walter Dennis	Dennis McDermott
William H. Christie	Cecil B. White
David H. Keller, M.D.	Henry Cecil
Ralph Judson	Ralph Stranger
Max Brand	George Owen Buster
Willard Huntington Wright	S. S. Van Dine
George F. Worts	Loring Brent
J. M. Walsh	Curtis Brown
Alfred J. Olsen, Jr.	Bob Olsen
Flora M. Holly	Landell Bartlett
Ray A. Giles	B. X. Barry
S. Benedict	Marius
Benjamin Block	V. Orlovsky
E. P. Broe	Peter Brough
Jerome Barry	Jerry Benedict
John Hinde	John Hamilton
Keith	Le Grand Travers
Anna Anatole	Anatole Andrews
John Stewart Williamson	Jack Williamson
W. Dubenpeck	S. Walker
Andrias & Otto Binder	Eando Binder
George F. Locke	Charles McLociard
Henry George Weiss	Francis Flag
Kellenberger	Henry James
Harold H. Lower	Harry Martin
Max J. Irland	Joslyn Maxwell

(There are several authors whose pseudonyms and correct names have not yet been definitely connected. Among them are the famed Anthony Gilmore, who has finally been traced down by Mr. Weisinger. See page 8)

SCIENTIFICURIOSITIES

by Milton Kaletsky

1. Three Conflicting Mathematics

Is it possible for contradictory or diametrically opposed statements to be true at the same time? Logic answers 'no', but such a condition may and does exist.

Ordinary Euclidian Geometry states that given a straight line and a point in the same plane, one and only one line can be drawn, in the plane, thru that point parallel to the given line.

One of the many non-Euclidian geometries holds that any number of lines can be drawn through that point parallel to the given line, when the given line and the given point are in the same plane.

A second non-Euclidian geometry goes to the other extreme and shows that no straight lines can be drawn through the given point parallel to the given line.

The explanation of how these apparent contradictions can be true at the same time is that each of these geometries rests upon a different set of fundamental assumptions or axioms. For instance: Euclidean geometry considers the plane mentioned to be infinite in extent while the first non-Euclidian assumes the plane to be limited to finite size.

The above shows that anything may be proven if first the proper assumptions are made. And that is exactly what a science fiction author does, he assumes the existence of certain machines, conditions, agencies, etc., then proceeds to show that, if these assumptions are allowed, certain other conditions necessarily must exist also and certain consequences must follow. In that manner he builds the scientific background of his story, though he may not be conscious of the process of construction as it has been outlined to you in this paragraph.

(We wish, because our readers want it so, to keep all lengthy articles of a highly technical nature out of our pages. This article by Mr. Kaletsky, which is neither long nor boring, is the first of a series which presents interesting, and not commonly known, scientific facts and theories in a short and snappy fashion. We are sure you will enjoy these 'Scientificuriosities.' Editor)

SERVICE DEPARTMENT

conducted by Julius Schwartz

List of Munsey Science Fiction

I frankly admit that the first part of the list is quite incomplete. However, from 1918 and up, it is at least nine-tenths complete. If you know the names and dates of any stories not mentioned please send them in to us. An addenda will be added as soon as my list is printed. Special thanks must be mentioned to Carl Swanson and Harold Taves, for the many titles and dates they supplied.

Key To Abbreviations

A - Argosy S - AllStory
 AS - Argosy AllStory SB - Scrap Book
 C - Cavalier SC - AllStory Cavalier
 M - Munsey's Number - number of parts
 Stories up to, and including, 1904 are all extracted from Argosy's list.

1896

December Citizen 504 - Charles H. Palmer

1897

February A Month in the Moon - A. Laurie 8

June A Secret of the South Pacific - W. Foster

June The Gold Deluge - Otto Moeller 5

August A Peruvian Paradise - W. Foster

October The Mysterious Ship - Charles Barns

1899

February A Queen of Atlantis-Frank Aubrey 7

September Beyond the Great South Wall

Frank Saville 5

1901

April Our Trip to Mars - Thomas McCusker

September Martin Bradley's Space Annihilator

Harle O. Cummings

December The Diamond Cargo - Sage B. Miles

1902

July The Land of the Central Sun

Park Winthrop 7

December The Lake of Gold - George Griffith4

1903

January Those Fatal Filaments - Mabel E. Abbot

July A Round Trip to the Year 2000

W. W. Cook 5

October In Frozen Fetters - M. D. Richter 5

December The Pestilent Vapor-Alice MacGowan

1904

February The Blue Death - M. B. Stevens

March Cast Away at the Pole - W. W. Cook

December Adrift in the Unknown - Cook 5

1905

May The moon metal - Garrett P. Serviss S

August Marooned in 1492 - W. W. Cook A5

September The Land of the Long Night

Oliver A

December The Queen's Prisoner-J. A. TysonA

1906

July Finis - Frank L. Pollock A

1907

January The Sound Absorber

Dudley Davis & Edgar Franklin S

August The Burden of the Billions-E. FranklinS5

December The Squadron of the Air

Waiter Hackett S5

1908

March When Ghosts Walk - Edgar Franklin S

September The House of the Green Flame

George England S

1909

January A Columbus of Space - Serviss S6

March The Whitmore Mysteries -E. Carroll S

April The Sky Pirate - Garret P. Seaviss SB6

April The Plunge of the 'Knupfen'-L. GroverS

May The Cataclysm - Stephen Chalmers S5

June My Time Annihilator - G. England S

June The Soul Stealer - Payson Irwin S

August When the World Stood Still

Johnston McCulley S 5

September The House of Transmutation

Geore Allan England SB 3

September "If a Man Die-"

Bannister Merwin S 3

October Off the Earth - John Q. Mawhinney A

December Beyond White Seas - England S 6

1910

January On the Brink of 2000 - Garret Smith A

July 1000 Times Lighter than Air

Edgar Franklin S

1911

May Fear - Stephen Chalmers S

July The Second Deluge - G. Serviss C 7

August The Elixir of Hate - England C 4

1912

January, Jan. 6, 13, & 20 Darkness and Dawn

George Allan England C 4

January The Amiable Aroma - E. Franklin A

February Under the Moons of Mars

Norman Bean S 6

(continued next month)

ALICIA IN BLUNDERLAND

by Nihil

III The Book of Wails

Alicia came to.

The zebra-faced man was bending over her, weeping softly. He didn't seem very ferocious at close quarters. She sat up and patted his shoulder.

"Tell Alicia," she crooned maternally.

"I've lost my atom!" he wailed. "I put it down to go play in the jungle and now it's gone! Oh why didn't I stay with Edison?"

Alicia pricked up her ears. She shook him until his teeth clattered.

"Answer me!" she ordered. "Did Edison invent your time machine?"

He gulped and nodded. "He invented the reducing drug too," he added mournfully. "And the gravity ship. And all the rays. He wanted to go into the future and live. He said the girls were prettier there. So I took them all and ran away. I did it for the world! And now he's dead and there's no one to invent me any more machines. And I've lost my atom--"

He laid his head on her shoulder and wept bitterly. The parrot winked.

"Von Hetzdorp!," it remarked knowingly.

Alicia pushed him away. He was getting her shoulder wet. He looked at her reproachfully through his tears.

"Have you been playing with Von Hetzdorp? Can't you stay in your own books?" she demanded.

He hung his head. "Got tired of 'em," he pouted. "They never change. Know 'em all by heart -- the atom, the future, Mercury, the Fourth Dimension. I had a meteor oacé, but it was damp and smelled fishy. So I went into the jungle to play, and Hetzie stole my atom!"

He was ready to break down again, but Alicia forestalled him.

"What were you doing with him?" she asked sharply.

He winced. "Don't!" he pleaded. "You sound like an editor." Between sobs he told his story.

"It was the girls," he explained. "They're all so sweet and Victorian. They don't wear much, but that doesn't make any difference. They're all - just - too - darn - perfect!" He

wept loudly. "I never meet any interesting ones. Merritt has 'em all, and that chemist, Smith. Hetzie--" his voice sank to a whisper, "Hetzie promised he'd introduce me to Yolara!"

Alicia sniffed. "I knew those women would get someone into trouble!" she declared. "That Lur! And Norhala-- Hussies. What happened?"

He looked a bit sheepish. It was a relief after the horsishness. "I thought I knew where he was," he said plaintively. "I had him right there in the book, between two covers. But I went away for a few installments, and when I got back there was a Russian there instead. Marakinoff." He shuddered. "He's awful. He won't listen. He just laughs. Laughs." He burst into tears.

Alicia snorted. "Serves you right," she opined. "Stop blubbering. Do something."

"I am," sobbed Cummings. "I made an appointment yesterday, with the detective, Taine, for tomorrow. And now my time machine has run down and I can't get to tomorrow. It's always today."

He collapsed on her dry shoulder. Tears welled up as if from an artesian well. In a few seconds Alicia was afloat. She struck out boldly toward the distant range of molecular hills. The last she heard of Cummings was his doleful wail as the flood closed over his head. Then there was silence but for the screams of the parrot.

"Von Hetzdorp. Von Hetzdorp."

Alicia looked back over her shoulder. A 20 foot wall of water was bearing down on her, the bow-wave of an enormous blue and yellow mososaur. On its flat Skull rested a burly, bearded individual with a box tucked under his arm. Von Hetzdorp! Behind him swam a troop of slightly smaller green pleisurs whose riders wore the uniform of Yu-Atlanchi. High above sonuded elfin buglings, like distant roadsters - "Da-de da-da." A beam of moonshine smote the churning waters, and down the moon-path drifted a flood of crystal bell-notes. Seven glowing billiard balls spun lazily in a cloud of shattered atoms. The Dweller. With a despairing cry, Alicia sank beneath the waves.

Her feet struck bottom. She stood up. A gigantic black monster rose from the deep, lifting her above the water. A hatch opened. A man

(continued on page 14)

THE ETHER VIBRATES

by Mortimer Weisinger

In my first gossip column "Out of the Ether" in the April, 1932, TTT, I hazarded the opinion that Anthony Gilmore was Arthur J. Burks and Harry Bates. Mr. Bates denied this statement, and since that time a vigorous guessing contest has been conducted as to the identity of Hawk Carse's creator. Chr. in the first issue of SFD, discussed the various clues concerning the problem, but made no attempt to offer a solution. Rap, in his "Spilling the Atoms," then announced that he was convinced Anthony Pelcheg was the real author of the Gilmore stories.

During our interview with Mr. Bates we were told that only five persons knew the real identity of Gilmore, and that Gilmore also was the author known as H.G. Winter. As we continued to urge him for the lowdown he said, "I'll speak only upon the advice of my lawyer." So, I decided to do some sleuthing on my own. Jack Darrow volunteered to help me on the case. He wrote to ten authors, whom we suspected. The text of these letters read to this effect: "I liked your Anthony Gilmore stories in Astounding, and hope to see Hawk Carse continued in Argosy."

These letters evinced nine scathing answers, all of which strongly denied having anything to do with Gilmore and his writings. The tenth reply said: "Many thanks for your kind and encouraging letter with reference to my work. It is very pleasant to know that readers appreciate my writing." The writer who said thusly, ladeez and gentlemen, was Victor Rousseau! Draw your own conclusions.

A. (word-wizard) Merritt tells me that he intends to have his famous 'Ship of Ishtar' republished in France...Dr. Keller's story, "The Last Magician," (which is illustrated by his daughter) was rejected by Weird Tales the first time he sent it to them...Arthur J. Burks dashed off his interesting chapter of COSMOS in exactly two hours, while I sat by him...P. Scholar Miller forwards the exclusive that Boris Karloff's real last name is Pratt.

Allen Glasser's short story, 'Across the Ages,' was first called 'The Haze of Heat'...The Gen-

tlewoman magazine pays two smackers for each short short ghostory used in its Weird Whispers department...Stanton A. Coblentz cops the September cover of Amazing Stories...L. A. Eshbach, who has just completed a 20,000 word novelette, 'The Kingdom of Thought,' has sold his first juvenile story, 'The Son of a Jarl,' to the Boys' Companion...The authors of 'The Czar of Colour' send us this pessimistic advance notice: "our serial will positively not surpass 'The Moon Pool,' 'The Blind Spot,' or COSMOS."

Henry J. Kostkos, whose first s-f story, 'The Meteor Men of Plaa,' was featured in the August Amazing, has written 'The Man Who Stopped the Earth,' a short short; and 'Earth Rehabilitators, Consolidated,' a serial...C.A. Brandt reads and grades every story submitted to Amazing, and lets Dr. Sloane weed out the better ones...Thrilling Adventures has bought Burks' 'Dance of the Drowned'...Harry Stephen Keeler author of 'John Jones' Dollar,' is editor of the 10 Story Book.

Under The Ether

Leo Morey observes that a traffic violator does not have to be a Luther Burbank to cross the palm of an officer with a five dollar bill...Peggy Joyce may be no geologist, but she gets plenty of rocks (diamonds to you)..

Leave it to Dr. Sloane when it comes to punning. Seeing a copy of Pictorial Review on his desk, with the cover portraying a damsel rather flimsily clad, Sloane asked, "why don't they call it Pictorial Rare-view?"

The inimitable Dr. Keller is responsible for this one. As most of us know, Dr. Keller is not only an excellent physician, but a well known psychologist. On one occasion, while making a tour of some insane asylums, in quest for some data, Dr. Keller chanced to interview one of the inmates. He found the patient an interesting person, after some conversation. When, in reply to his insistent query, he was informed of the identity of Dr. Keller, the inmate exclaimed delightedly, "Why, I read almost all your stories!"

THE SCIENCE FICTION EYE

by Julius Schwartz

Radical Changes for "Science Fiction"

According to a communication received from Jerome Siegal, editor of Science Fiction, I am informed that henceforth the magazine will be printed, and that it will be edited by Bernard J. Kenton. This new group will issue a mail-order magazine, containing about 50 pages and costing 20 cents. There will be no cuts at first, but as soon as the magazine gets a good start it will be illustrated by Clay Ferguson, Jr. and Joe Shuster. Siegal claims he quit the staff because he is working on a scientific cartoon strip which a number of syndicates are interested in handling one editor going so far as to state that it interested and intrigued him. The strip is titled 'Rex Carson' and the artist is supposed to be a top-notch in his field, and "is very experienced at doing scientific illustrations." (It is not Wesso, Paul, Morey, Marchioni, Ferguson, or Schuster)

-X-X-

Book Marks for the Month

Among the latest fantasy books that have just appeared are, "The Kestral House Mystery," by C. E. Jacobs, a chillsyarn described as a 'whirlwind of wantonness, witchery, and weird wizardry.' "When Shadows Disappear," by Francis Marion Hart, is an occult mystery, while Rupert Croft-Cooke's "Cosmopolis" is a romantic satire of an attempt at establishing a Utopia in the center of the world.

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Paragraph Portraits

Fletcher Pratt. Born in 1898 at Springfield, New York. Attended Hobart College and is married. Is a writer by vocation, and says chess, woodcarving, drinking brandy are his avocations. Has just finishing translating "The Radio Terror" from the French for Wonder Stories, and is now working on the translation of detective stories for magazines outside the science fiction field. He hasn't been writing scientification lately. Considers "In the Reign of the Ray" the best long story he ever wrote, but few people liked it except those who knew something about military matters. The best short story he ever wrote was "The Day of the Elephant," published in a magazine called Heacock's (now defunct) fifteen years ago.

Next best "Dr. Grimshawe's Sanitarium" which has been accepted, but not yet published, by Amazing Stories. "The Honeymoon Express," a short short story by him will appear in SFD soon.

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Fantasy Film Facts

A story very similar to George Allan England's science fiction classic, "The Fatal Gift," is being produced by Radio Pictures. It is called "Beautiful," and the story concerns itself with a young woman scientist who possesses the power of changing ugliness into beauty...Claude Rains, New York stage star, and not Boris Karloff, will play the leading role in "The Invisible Man"... "The Monkey's Paw," an English picturization of the world famous spook yarn of the same name, is going the rounds of the neighborhood theatres. Murray Leinster's titles seem to be a target for the Hollywood producers. Not content with "Red Dust" they have now used the title of a Weird Tale of his, "Strange People."

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Aside to Fantasy Collectors

Clark Ashton Smith has just put out six of his own unpublished short stories in a book for 25 cents, titled "The Double Shadow and Other Fantasies." They are described as 'tales of glamour, sorcery, terror and exotic beauty, written in atmospheric prose'...Blue Book, Thrilling Adventures, Dime Detective Magazine and Ten Detective Aces are running science fiction in their current issues...Victor Rousseau's immortal classic "The Messiah of the Cylinder" did not originally appear in any Munsey magazine, as most fans suppose. It ran as a four part serial in Everybody's Magazine, starting in the June, 1917 issue. And, to correct another misapprehension, it is not an interplanetary story, but merely another "When the Sleeper Wakes."

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Odds and Ends

Is science fiction on the down grade? Allen Glasser discusses "The Wane of Science Fiction" in the June issue of the Author and Journalist... Ray Cummings recently had a short short story in Liberty, "The Lost Strad"...The American Fiction Guild will present a weekly dramatization of the best magazine story of the week on Ed Wynn's chain.

SCIENCE FICTION SCRAP BOOK

compiled by Julius Schwartz

"The Fall of a Nation"; a sequel to "The Birth of a Nation," by Thomas Dixon, published by Appleton in 1916.

"The Fall of a Nation" sketches briefly what may happen to the United States if nothing should be done in the matter of national defense. The action takes place in the future -- years after the collapse of the World War. America has become glutted with prosperity and around the coffers of her wealth there are no safeguards of defense. She is attacked by traitors within and by armies of the Federated empires of northern and central Europe. Defense, owing to unpreparedness, becomes a pitiful farce. In a few weeks the republic of the United States ceases to exist and the states become 'Imperial Colonies.' The remainder of the book tells the story of the ingenious plotting of the conquered Americans, which finally results in victory over the enemy and the reestablishment of the republic.

Criticism

"If the author's style glows and flames in uncurbed opulence, still more does the matter of the tale open the reader's eyes with wonder as the author pours out, with reckless prodigality, the treasures of his imagination."

- New York Times

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"Atlantis," by Gerhart J. R. Hauptmann, published by Huebsch in 1912.

This story, which, in its action, merely relates the journey of Frederick von Kammacher across the Atlantic and his brief sojourn in America, is a record of a spiritual crisis. His married life has ended in a wreck; as a scientist he has failed; he is in the grip of what he acknowledges as a base and degrading passion for a soulless little dancer. The transatlantic journey, which takes up half of the volume, is remarkable for two episodes of importance to him. One is merely a dream in which he visits the lost Atlantis; one is the wreck of the proud vessel on which he sails. The saving of his own and other worthless lives leads to still deeper probings of the soul and to the meaning of it all. In America his questions are partly answered thru a meeting with a fine, highminded type, who frees him from the infat-

BOOK REVIEW

"The Double Shadow and Other Fantasies," by Clark Ashton Smith.

Admirers of Clark Ashton Smith will receive this pamphlet with joy. The six short stories which it contains are excellent examples of this author's work. While none of the stories can be classed as his very best, the six are certainly among the best he has written. Whether the story deals with utter horror, fantastic adventure, terror, or beautiful simplicity, the style fits the story wonderfully.

Clark Ashton Smith is well-known for his poetic prose, his careful use of words which tend to convey the very impression he wishes the reader to feel. The story of the voyage a king makes in search of his crown contains just a hint of satire, well done. The barbarian who seeks to rescue his beloved from the enchanter's web hints of tragedy. The two Atlantean sorcerers, who play with forces unknown to them, and meet their fate, are the central theme of "The Double Shadow," which gives the pamphlet its title. The sad lover who cannot escape from the memory of the girl who died for him; and the seeker after evil, are equally well portrayed.

To my mind, the last tale in the booklet, "The Willow Landscape," though shortest of all, is one of the most beautiful tales Clark Ashton Smith has written. Its very simplicity, with just the right note of sadness, strikes a responding chord.

An excellent pamphlet, which will help to while away the hours entertainingly for any fantasy fiction fan. A treasure for those fans who admire Clark Ashton Smith above other authors, a real golden treasure which they shall cherish as one of their most priceless possessions.

Chr.

.....
uation which has bound him.

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Criticism

"Through the four hundred odd pages there is hardly a moment of flagging interest. It is impossible even to suggest the charm of the characters with which the imagination of Hauptmann has endowed 'Atlantis'."

- New York Times

SPILLING THE ATOMS

with Rap

Results to date on JVPC voting are as follows: For January, "The Fifth Dimension Tube" by Murray Leinster, in Astounding Stories. For February, "The Swordsman of Mars" by Otis Adelbert Kline in Argosy. For March, "In the Scarlet" by Jack Williamson, in Amazing Stories. For April, "Golden Blood" by Jack Williamson, in Weird Tales. For May, "Gulliver, 3,000 A. D." by Leslie F. Stone, in Wonder Stories. For June, "The Golden City" by Ralph Milne Farley, in Argosy. For July, "Hibernation" by Abner J. Gelula, in Amazing Stories. For August, "The Mystery of Planet Deep" by George A. Dye, in Wonder Stories.

Jack Williamson so far holds the record. However, none of these stories can be said to be winners for the month. All votes are not in, especially on the last few months. And as each new member has the privilege of voting on the months he missed, no leader can begin patting himself on the back. I believe only the January vote can be said to be secure. All the others have close rivals. SFD fans can do a lot toward putting this list in the ashcan if they so desire by joining in a body. Watch that list folks I'm going to print it each month from now on. Boy what two hundred new members can't do to it! Come on, the fun's on. And may the best story win.

It would help a lot if you would all join, send your quarter, and vote the first six months offerings all in the same envelope. If you desire information first, send a 3 cent stamp. Complete information and a receipt will be sent all who join.

Here is some real interesting news. Next year, the ISA officials hint, there will be a boost in JVPC dues to \$1.00 and provisions for prizes to the voters too. The reader who votes most consistently correct, i.e., who votes for the most winning stories during the year, also gets a prize. It is hinted at 25 per cent of all proceeds. Boy, wouldn't that be sweet with about 5,000 members? It all depends, they say, on how the JVPC fares during 1933.

COSMOS, which began last month with Ralph

[continued on page 13]

FAMOUS CHARACTERS
OF SCIENCE FICTION

[continuing the list of Edgar Rice Burroughs' well-known science fiction characters from last month's list]

HOR VASTUS (M)- padwar in the navy of Helium aide to John Carter

INNES, DAVID (P)- owned a mining company when Abner Perry interested him in a digging machine. Together they set out only to land in a strange world, with primitive beasts and jungle, where David met a beautiful girl who finally became his mate. After many adventures he succeeded in banding together many tribes and forming a kingdom, in which he has the title, Emperor of Pellucidar. The complete series is:

At the Earth's Core

Pellucidar

Tanar of Pellucidar

Tarzan at the Earth's Core

ISSUS (M)- Queen of the First Born, the black race of Mars, and supposed Goddess of Mars, whom John Carter exposes in his search for his wife.

JAD-BAL-JA (T)- The Golden Lion. Tarzan, returning from Pal-ul-don, found a young lion cub which he raised and trained and which helped him mightily during his adventures in Tarzan and the Golden Lion, and which has played minor parts in many stories since.

JANA (P)- The Red Flower of Zoram, the girl with whom Jason Gridley fell in love.

KALA (T)- the female ape who raised Tarzan from babyhood.

KANTOS KAN (M)- commander of the navy of Helium, a good friend of John Carter, and one who shared many adventures with him.

KORAK THE KILLER (T)- Son of Tarzan, who, in shepherding Akut back to Africa, was himself stranded there, and thus grew up in the jungle in the same fashion as his father.

KULAN TITH (M)- Jeddak of Kaol, friend of John Carter, and suitor for the hand of Thuvia of Ptarth.

LA OF OPAR (T)- Priestess of Opar. Very much in love with Tarzan, and she has shared many adventures with him, being frequently exiled from Opar, only to be reinstated with the help of Tarzan.

[continued on page 13]

SCIENTIFICINEMATORTIALLY SPEAKING

by Forrest J. Ackerman

The Strange Case of Dr. Ramper,

another pseudo-scientific production by the German Universal Film Association.

Dr. Ramper and his assistant, arctic explorers, attempt a flight over the pole. In a wreck the assistant is killed and Dr. Ramper is lost in the north.

To keep alive, the doctor reverts to savagry and the ways of the habitants of the icelands. Rapidly he loses his civilized manners and forgets that he is a man.

Twenty years later a whaling ship freezes in arctic waters. The crew shudders as the wail of an unknown beast reaches them; and tales are told of other whalers who have gone out at nite for ice--and never returned.

Suddenly there is a commotion on the deck above. The men run up and find a strange, inhuman beast--"an arctic monkey with talons and a bewildering thicket of hair thru which peep furtively two preternaturally bright eyes"--which snarls at them and attacks. Subdued, it is discovered that this unusual creature resembles a man and so it goes the way of all scientifiilm freaks: On Exhibition. King Kong they took to New York and presented him as the Eighth Wonder of the World; Dr. Ramper, who has become this unfortunate creature, is sold to a circus in Europe as The Missing Link. He maims many of his keepers, and is uncontrollable until diminutive Mary Johnson treats him kindly. Beauty and the Beast again!

But "Minds are keen in the Vaetrland, and a scientist discovers that underneath all that fur rug is a man." The Missing Link is taken to a great scientist's laboratory and there his mind is probed. "The naivete of the German movie conception of advanced scientific apparatus is delightful. When poor Ramper must have his sleeping brains aroused, he is put under a permanent wave machine hung with paper streamers such as fly nitey at Tex Guinan's. Then, in rubber raincoats and aviation helmets, the Herr Doktors turn rheostats and pull levers shooting great bolts of lightening all over the unfortunate subject." It is discovered that this monstrosity is the famous Dr. Ramper..

The Dr. is restored to his wits. His is like the story of Rip Van Winkle. Disconsately he wanders thru the city of his youth, disgusted with the follies and vices of his kind. In the end, he returns to the North to live again the life of the wild.

"Exotic, bizarre, and fantastic in the best Teutonic style was 'The Strange Case of Dr. Ramper.' From the first appearance of the monster in the cabin of the ship, thru the circus and thru the nite life of the city, Dr. Ramper was masterfully handled."

Scientifiilm Snaps

Due to the unusual nature of the picture, twenty-seven different sized King Kongs had to be used to film the production of the same name. One of the models approaching the 56 foot edition was on display in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese theater in Hollywood where the picture had a premiere paralleling the run in Radio City, New York.

Joe W. Skidmore, lately much praised for his one page "Souls Apace," has sold a science fiction idea to Paramount. His lovely wife, Joane, has made the technical drawings and sketches for the miniature sets. The film will be a sensation.

A Charlie Chase comedy entitled "Now I'll Tell One" rates a mention as being of interest to some fans. Nothing super-scientific, of course, is to be expected of a Charlie Chase 'riot,' but the plot in brief is that a scientist has invented a personality-changing machine. One person being connected to the contraption, another wearing a certain belt, identities are changed while the current is on. Charlie finds the discarded belt and tries it on. In the laboratory, a motorcycle specialist lends himself to the experiment. Charlie, suddenly possessed, amazes the girl friend by an astounding display of ability; but when the current is shut off and Charlie, scared to death of motorcycles, finds himself standing on the seat of one tearing down a busy street..! In succession a shiek, a dancer, and a prizefighter lend their personalities to Charlie, providing humorous situations. In the end, Charlie, his fiancée, and her father are standing by a swimming pool, all holding the belt. A high diver in the laboratory takes the test. The result is quite obvious to everyone...

Spilling the Atoms [continued from page 11]
Milne Farley's sensational first chapter, now includes John W. Campbell, Jr., in its imposing list of contributors. Thus, COSMOS will be written by seventeen authors, and not sixteen, as formerly announced.

Of considerable interest is the origination and evolution of COSMOS. (Some months before Liberty came out with its six author story, written for the movies, I conceived the idea of writing a science fiction novel with ten contributors. Accordingly the plot of COSMOS was evolved and a tentative 'feeler' sent to some of the more prominent stf authors. The instantaneous and enthusiastic response was so encouraging that plans were made to go ahead. Thus, the plot was sent to each author then interested and suggestions were made by each. The final result was a 13 part story. Thirteen authors were secured, with Ralph Milne Farley leading off. He was to write the 'Venus' part, using his popular Radio Planet characters. Suddenly he had a new idea, a hurried change was made and we found ourselves with a sixteen part story. 'Venus' was assigned to Otis Adelbert Kline when Farley wrote "Faster Than Light." Then, Amazing Stories editors, who have been taking an interest in the story, suggested that a part be inserted after part four, where they felt that an additional part was necessary to effect a more efficient cohesion. We were then able to include John W. Campbell, Jr.

An amazing situation developed here and it was discovered that many other prominent science fiction authors were also interested in contributing a part. Instead of having difficulty in securing enough contributors, we were experiencing the phenomenon of being literally mobbed by writers. And when I say writers, I mean the biggest of 'big shots' in the science fiction field. The reason for this situation arose through the system of 'feelers' sent to many authors. And so, we were faced with the possibility of 'insulting' several authors, which we did not desire to do. However, using the 'first come, first served' maxim, we got by this trouble without causing any bad feelings.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was unable to contribute because of other contracts. He has a novel to write for Argosy, and another serial for Blue Book.

Famous Characters of Science Fiction

[continued from page 11]

MATAI SHANG (M)- father of Therna, the priest sect of Mars, and hated enemy of John Carter. It was Matai Shang who kidnapped Dejah Thoris and caused John Carter to chase him across all Mars in order to rescue his wife. MIRANDA, ESTEBAN (T)- double of Tarzan, and who caused much confusion in the jungle until his real identity was discovered.

MIRIAM (T)- kidnapped by Arabs when young she was rescued by Korak, and after many adventures became his wife, whereupon it was discovered she was really a Princess.

MUVIRO T-Waziri warrior, who is the headman of the tribe during the absence of Tarzan.

NAPIER, CARSON (V)- a young man, who, in attempting to fly to Mars in a rocket, lands upon Venus when he loses his course. Here he found himself among the remnants of the once ruling class of the planet. During a hunting trip he was kidnapped by the scoundrelous usurpers & made a slave. With the help of other slaves he captured the ship upon which he was, and became a pirate. In attempting to return the only daughter of the ruler to her father, he went through a remarkable series of adventures. Pirates of Venus, Lost on Venus.

NKIMA (T)- a monkey who accompanies Tarzan upon many of his adventures, and has managed to be of much assistance at times.

PAXTON, ULYSSES (M)- Captain of the United States Army, who, while lying in a trench with his legs shot off, was suddenly transported to Mars where he underwent a series of adventures culminating in his marriage to a Martian Princess. The Mastermind of Mars.

PAULVITCH, ALEXIS (T)- companion of Rokoff. It was he who brought Akut to England and thus sent Korak to Africa.

PERRY, ABNER (P)- the old man who invented the mechanical mole which brought him and David Innes to Pellucidar, and whose mechanical and inventive genius is modernizing the Inner World kingdom.

PHAIDOR (M)- daughter of Matai Shang, very much in love with John Carter. She caused him much trouble, but finally disposed of herself when she saw he would have none of her.

[continued next month]

Ultra-Violet (continued from page 1)

Note

The foregoing version was given First Prize in the Amazing Detective Tales cover contest. Retyping it now, the physics of the thing begins to look a little shaky to me. At the time my laws of color-vision must have been rather vaguely defined. It may be that I can wriggle out of it by using more words, but I have thought it best to give you the story as it was accepted by Lasser and let your readers pass on the error.

In case anyone makes indignant denials, I have the letters in the case, one announcing that I had won the prize and the other announcing that the magazine had folded.

- P. Schuyler Miller

Edward E. Smith, Ph. D.

(continued from page 4)

and for over a year I left my pencil run wild between spells of really hard work upon the heavy framework of the new 'Skylark.' There resulted 'Triplanetary'-- as yet unpublished because of the suspension of Astounding Stories. I can't say much about 'Triplanetary' here, of course -- I can say, though, that it has in it all the ideas I considered too wild for either the 'Skylarks' or the 'Spacehounds;' and that it was altogether too much for Wonder Stories.

Since December 28, 1931, all my writing time has been spent upon the as yet unnamed 'Skylark.' (Maybe some of you fans have some pet suggestions?) It is far from done yet, but I hope to have it in shape by the end of the year. I'm not making any definite statement, however -- it isn't going in until I like it myself, if it takes from now on.

That's about all, I guess, Julius; the old well's about run dry. Dope enough?

Schwartz: Plenty! All x, Doc, and thanks a lot; for all of us.

Smith: All x. Clear ether, fans! Signing off.

Click!

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Alicia in Blunderland

(continued from page 7)

looked out, bearded, ascetic, with soulful eyes.

"Captain NEMO," Alicia shouted, as she scrambled for the hatch.

(continued next month)

STORY SCIENTIFILMATIC

by Forrest J. Ackerman

Doctor X, proprietor of The Wax Museum, was carrying on weird and wondrous experiments 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea just off the coast of his Mysterious Island. From the Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari--Caligari was his partner in chemical-crime-- had come a Monster to destroy, if needs be, a mighty Metropolis: for X and Caligari planned to rule this world! A Lost World it would be should this Deep Sea Monster be loosed upon it; for he would be a ten ton Killer At Large! Men Must Fight, then, if it should be unleashed; but who--could even The Mummy, that amazing mastermind alive after 3700 years--hope to cope with the giant...?

But not yet was the earth doomed. Chandu, The Magician, took counsel with Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde, and they learned in time of the Wizard's nefarious plans; had then banished By Rocket To The Moon--shot off their Island Of Lost Souls.

During their Voyage To The Moon, the professor's contemplated mad schemes of revenge; and upon arrival--tho they expected to find themselves as much out of place as A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court--found the moon a Martian penal colony, and Aelita, the woman leader, eager to foment a War Of The Worlds. A hypnotized red-planeter, R.U.R. by name, was sent to earth as a Messenger From Mars, hurling taunts and insults at the Federated Nine defiling the name of the sacred seat of terrestrial government, F.P.I. War threatened; and then, suddenly, around the world hurtled The Mystery Ship, a runaway Stellar Express, spreading destruction by a Violet Ray. It was Frankenstein, X-Caligari's monster escaped...!

On the Moon they saw it all. Xavier's old Radiomania had returned to him, and he had constructed a televisor. Along The Moon Beam Trail they saw the earth -- strange Mystery Of Life -- depopulated. And they heard the final message -- from The Last Man On Earth -- panted, gasped, as he died from the clutches of Unseen Hand: "Hello Television! Something has--" And all was dark. The end of a world -- through the mad scientists' horrible High Treason.

THE EDITOR BROADCASTS

Has everybody seen Rap's announcement that John W. Campbell, Jr., will also write a chapter for *Cosmos*?..

From Norman C. Caldwell, of San Francisco, the following criticism arrived:

"Your May issue was swell. The columns by Ackerman, Schwartz, and Weisinger, were, as usual, the best part of your mag. That column by Rap is getting stale. The news he tells in his column could be told just as well in about half as much space as he uses. Didn't care for Henry Schalansky's 'Novae'."

Allis Villette, of Alberta, Canada, writes:

"'Alicia in Blunderland' is just too good for description. Whoever masquerades behind the name Nihil -- and what does that mean please? -- has a knack I like for science fiction humor. COSMOS, I know, will be indescribable, but, lest we forget Alicia in the flood of letters that will doubtless follow the printing of the first part of the sixteen authors classic, I want to give her a rave right now, and let you know I anticipate eagerly her further adventures."

"Your SFD is really too big and fine to thoroughly comment on nowadays, and, in closing, I just want to congratulate each of the contributors on their interesting work. A bouquet to you, too, Mr. Editor."

"Oh, and Mr. Ackerman: Your feature is called 'Scientificinematographically Speaking,' now, but don't you dare change it to anything like this: 'Scientificinematographic Spotlite,' or I'll scream."

So would I, if my tongue didn't break pronouncing that new one. Glad you like Alicia. Great pains were taken by Nihil -- which means 'nothing,' or 'nobody' -- in writing the series. Alicia's creator is well known to s-f fans under his real name...

Milton Kaletsky, of New York, comes to my defense on the Religion and Science editorial:

"I note that Mr. Anderson, disagreeing with the editorial, 'Religion and Science,' claims that he cannot see 'how they can be otherwise than antagonistic toward each other.' Mr. Anderson would be interested in an article in the magazine section of the New York Times on one of the Sundays of last February. This article dealt with

Abbe LeMaitre of France, who is not only a famous mathematical physicist, but also a Catholic priest. As the Abbe succinctly stated, science and religion do not conflict, they supplement each other, for each is but a partial answer to the question 'what is it all about?'

"As a whole, I enjoyed your June issue immensely. I have only one complaint. Please squash 'Alicia in Blunderland.' She's simply terrible. Nihil's humor is awful. I stood your April Fool number, but I can't stand Alicia."

Thanks for bringing the Abbe LeMaitre article up. Tolerance in the matter of religion is something mankind should learn. I can recommend a reading of several Edgar Rice Burroughs' books for a satire upon Earthlings' intolerance of their fellow man's religious views. Sorry you didn't like Alicia. Nihil pokes fun at science fiction in a very interesting way. But, as Ray Cummings once said, "Each to his allotted portion--"...

Up to the present issue, SFD has been published at somewhat erratic intervals. We have always faithfully appeared once a month, but we had no set date upon which our issue was mailed out. It gives me great pleasure to announce that, beginning with this issue, SFD will be mailed on the 15th of each month. Our readers will thusly receive their copies regularly. The September issue will be mailed on August 15th...

With our next issue, the first in our second year, we will make several very radical changes. The first change will be our format. We will appear in a slightly smaller, but much more compact size. The number of words on each page will remain practically the same, and we shall increase the number of pages. The second change will be in our policy. Because of the discontinuing of *Wonder Stories Quarterly* and the infrequent appearances of both monthlies, and the amazing *Quarterly*, we shall devote more space to fiction than we had originally intended.

Our fiction shall be of the best we can find. We have stories by L. A. Eshbach, Wallace Wray Quitman, Arthur J. Burks, Raymond A. Palmer, Fletcher Pratt, P. Schuyler Miller, and other authors of equal prominence. We also have a number of stories by authors who are not so well known, but who should attain fame if their stories are any indication...

Our price will remain the same. We shall also continue to give you the best 'fan' articles we can find. We shall continue to find interesting facts to present to you, and we shall never lose sight of the fact that SFD is, first and foremost, a magazine for science fiction fans...

We welcome any suggestions our readers have for improvements. We read each letter carefully, and appreciate all ideas which are contained therein. If you don't want me to print your letter in my column, say so, and I won't use it. SFD is a magazine for the readers, we want our readers to help us run it...

In reply to a few requests for more information on the American Fiction Guild:

The American Fiction Guild is composed of writers and illustrators for the all-fiction magazines. Arthur J. Burks is president. The organization sends out weekly market tips by postal card and keeps its membership informed of changes in the market. It is making preparations to put the best stories of its writers on the radio and is contracting major motion picture studios for new outlets for material. The membership fee is ten dollars a year, in installments to suit the applicants, and a writer must have published five stories or articles in magazines of national circulation, or have published one book not at his own expense, to be eligible. Such well known names as Murray Leinster, Ralph Milne Farley, Sewell Peaslee Wright, Victor Rousseau, Paul Ernst, Otis Adelbert Kline, and Harl Vincent are members. Guild headquarters are at 178-80 Fifth Avenue, in New York, and Burks may be reached any week day between eight o'clock and noon for information...

The August Thrilling Adventures has a novellette, "Skies of Doom," by Frederick Painton, which paints a picture of the next war; and "Dance of the Drowned" by Arthur J. Burks...

The September issue of SFD will lead off with a short story by Rae Winters, "The Girl from Venus." The third chapter of COSMOS will be "The Murderer from Mars," by Bob Olsen.

An interesting autobiography of L.A. Eshbach and a biography of Philip Wylie will head the fan articles...

Number 2 of 'Scientificuriosities,' by Milton Kaletsky will bring you another interesting piece of information. Alicia's fourth episode, 'Twenty

Thousand Angstroms Under the Tears,' will feature the re-appearance of Rap as Nihil's guide.

'The Science Fiction Eye' and 'The Ether Vibrates' will bring you all the news that is fit to print. 'Spilling the Atoms' and 'Scientificinematographically Speaking' will, respectively, furnish you with more information regarding authors and scientific films...

The list of Munsey science fiction will continue in our Service Department, and Edgar Rice Burroughs' characters will appear in 'Famous Characters of Science Fiction'...

Of course, we will have other interesting and entertaining articles...

Let us take a look at the fiction which is in store for you in future issues of SFD. First, 'Scroll of Armageddon,' by Arthur J. Burks. This remarkable story was rejected by several editors only because they felt it was too blasphemous to print. As to that, I suggest you readers fight it out in this column, after you read the story. It is a good story, and graphically depicts the horrors of the last war. Another Burks story, 'Brood of the Salamander,' is also in line for publication...

L.A. Eshbach contributed 'The Beast Men' and 'The Solar Visitation,' two good stories which will keep you well entertained. Wallace Wray Quitman has 'The Vortex World,' a novel about how our moon came to us, awaiting publication. Two short short stories which are also appearing soon are 'The Honeymoon Express,' by Fletcher Pratt, and 'The White Planet,' by W. K. Rivers...

There are also on hand several stories by P. Scuyler Miller, Raymond A. Palmer, and Rae Winters which we shall use. All our fiction is of the best we can obtain. The stories contain plenty of science, adventure, excitement and suspense...

Auf Wiedersehen...

.....

With both Amazing and Wonder skipping a month, the discontinuing of Wonder Quarterly, and Amazing's Quarterly long overdue, it looks as if we have reached the bottom of the science fiction depression. If any more calamities happen, there won't be any stuff to speak about. Then what? We hope the depth stuff has reached really is absolute bottom.

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COSMOS

Chapter Two

THE EMIGRANTS

by David H. Keller, M.D.

AUTHOR OF: 'THE REVOLT OF THE PEDESTRIANS,' 'THE METAL DOOM,' ETC.

Matters were going from bad to worse on the earth. Even the most generous optimist secretly felt that the stage of mechanical labor had advanced to the point at which it might easily threaten the security, even the existence of the human race.

The robot had been followed by the super automaton. Machinery could now be so delicately attuned to the nervous system of mankind that all that was necessary was to develop the power of phsyic control, buy a few machines and let them work for their master. Naturally, the man who could buy the most machines and learn how to govern them was able to subdue the poor man who could only boast of a few imperfect automaton's of early vintage.

At first my the visionaries thought of the possibility of a time's arriving when the automaton's would function without the aid of a guiding human intelligence. But that time came. Almost before the human race were aware of their danger they were placed in a position of it's being hard to tell whether the intelligence of man was directing the activities of the machine or the intelligence of the machine was gradually enslaving the renmant of the human species.

James Tarvish, old, shrewd, wealthy, realized before most of the world's rich men what might happen on the earth. Having neither wife nor child, he had made money his God, and machinery his hobby. It was his cash which made the dream of interplanetary travel become a living reality. Though not an inventor himself, he was able to tell the men under his rule what to invent. Silently, vigorously, relentlessly he fought the battle against the automaton's, but finally realized the fact that it might easily become a hopeless fight. Five years before the two great forces came into open conflict he had made up his mind what to do. Once he

decided he worked with startling rapidity.

He called in his inventors and scientists from all parts of the world. When he talked to them his words snapped, his sentences crackled.

"Draw plans for two air-ships that will fit together to form one interplanetary ship. I want them so designed that the two can be used independently or, when joined in the middle, can be used as one. Double everything. Make it powerful, swift, the finest ship ever made. In the one ship I want a giant refrigerator built. In fact, I want the entire half to be a refrigerator. Think of the greatest heat possible, the most terrible heat known to our intelligence and then plan a refrigerating plant that will enable a human being to live inside no matter what the heat is outside, and keep on living there, year after year. You have broken up the atom to obtain energy. Learn how to use that energy to produce cold. Stock both ends of the ship with everything necessary to keep several people alive for many years; not only alive, but happy and busy and interested in life.

"I am not taking anything for impossible. I know what I want and I want it right and as fast as possible. Spare no expense. Put yourself on double hours of labor and triple units of salary. Get busy and stay busy. I am going to be on the job day and night. If you are not sure of what I want, ask me. If you are not sure you can do what I want get out and give a better man the job."

"Where are you going in this ship, Mr. Tarvish?" asked one of the best minds in the gathering. "We ought to know that in order to design it properly."

"You build it the way I say," was the sharp answer, "and it will go where it is intended to go. If I had wanted to tell you my plans I would have done so at once."

The rocket-ship was built. As a mechanical triumph it was a success. As a novelty in interplanetary travel it was filled with startling new innovations.

Tarvish had used the very mechanical perfection that he was afraid of to devise a space home that was in everyway foolproof. Anyone knowing enough to read and press buttons could guide the machine through the

void of time and space and live in it for the full span of individual existence.

In two years it was built.

Known among the inventors as Fool's Folly and called by the fictionists the Ark of Space, it contained something that was more remarkable than any part of its automatic machinery. It held an idea. James Tarvish, old, dour, canny, tightfisted, had an idea and it was a new one.

For the next three months he hunted for a man.

He wanted a man who was brave, intellectual, clean, and in every way representative of the best in the cultural achievements of the age. He at last found what he wanted. The man's name was Henry Cecil.

"I have a job for you, Mr. Cecil," whispered Tarvish.

"I accept it," was the sharp reply.

"But you don't know what it is?"

"And I do not care, so long as I can support myself."

"You can do that if you take this job. I have built a space ship. I want you to be the entire crew. I am sending you away from the world --- forever."

"How about my pay?"

"I will have a number of envelopes filled, each with the salary for one month. On the first of each month you can open an envelope."

"That's satisfactory. On a trip of that kind I ought to be able to save a lot."

"A lot! Man! You can save it all. I wish I had had a chance like that when I was a lad. Here is the idea. This world is going to smash. I do not mean physically, but socially. The automatons are gaining in power. The day will come when they will either kill or enslave what is left of the human race. I want to save what is best of it so I am sending out this space-ship. It is the Ark that will save mankind from the second deluge, the flood of mechanical perfection.

"And I am going to send you to a place that is safe. An ordinary space-ship cannot follow you. You will be safe."

"All by myself?"

"Practically. Perhaps a pet for you to talk to."

"It is ideal!" cried the young man eagerly. "Wonderful! In fact,

is just what I have been hunting for. No women?"

The old man frowned.

"Women! And me a bachelor all my life? I said I wanted to save the best of our culture, not the dregs."

"You don't like women?"

"No, when I was young one woman called me a dried-out orange, a book that had been read, a worn-out shoe. She intimated that the masculine sex was the inferior one. I have not liked women since that day. And you!"

"That is one reason I want to take this job. There is a woman after me. She thinks that she would like to marry me. So long as I am on this earth I cannot escape her. "So, I am leaving."

"Young? Pretty? Healthy? Intelligent?"

"Sure. All of that, but she treats me as if I were a child. She wants to make plans for me, buy my neckties, and all that sort of thing."

"You poor lad. Tell me her name and address, and I will see that you are protected. What kind of a pet will be your choice?"

"An English bull dog. I will get a puppy."

"Better get one that is housebroke. There! will be no pleasant fields where you are going."

"Just where is my future home?"

"Mercury. It is the only place that the automaton will not think of conquering."

"But it is hot there. Near the sun and all that sort of thing."

"Sure it is hot, but you will be living in a refrigerator, with goldfish in the aquarium and canaries in the bird cage. So long as you stay in the refrigerator, you will be safe. A second outside and you will be a cinder."

"Fine! Even if the temperature is high it will not be as hot as a life with Ruth Fanning. That is the girl's name. I will write her address for you. When do I go?"

"In a week. I may not be there to see you off, but all you have to do is to follow my written orders. The salary is a hundred a month for your life, payable on the first of each month."

The young man seized the old man's hand. His appreciation was

pathetic, as he exclaimed,

"I never shall be able to thank you for this. If the offer had not come, that girl would have caught me in another month. Now I shall go out and hunt up that bulldog. What did you say the object of the trip was?"

"To save humanity. To preserve the human race."

"That is some job for the bulldog and me, but we shall do our best. I am going to show you that you have not made a mistake in selecting me. Just why did you do it?"

"Because I found out that you are a mysogonyst."

"I see. And you will take care of Ruth?"

"You just leave that to me."

"O. K."

Most of the following week was devoted to the mechanical education of Henry Cecil. Hour after hour he was taught how to push the various buttons and find his way through space. He was shown all the parts of the super-refrigeration machinery. He was not an engineer; in fact, he was simply an author, but at the end of the week he felt that he would be able to do everything that was necessary on the trip, which was to occupy his lifetime.

The day came! The hour! The minute! He said goodbye to the men who had tutored him, and, as the bulldog barked, he shut and fastened the door, and pushed the various buttons that started the giant ship on its journey to one of the infernos of the universe.

Mercury! The planet nearest the sun. The planet of mystery, of terrible heat, the place human life is supposed to be impossible. The place even a determined young lady could not follow a man she coveted.

The bulldog, slightly uneasy at what he could not understand, whined at Cecil's feet. He looked out of a window, and through the heavy insulated glass and peered at the disappearing earth. The man bent over and pulled the dog's ears.

"Alone at last, old man," he cried. "Just you and me, and the world of woman left behind. Suppose we go into the library?"

In that room, above the murmur of the machinery, he heard a

rhythmic snore. He walked rapidly to the chair. The old man woke.

"Why, Mr. Tarvish!" cried Cecil. "What are you doing there in that chair?"

"I must have overslept," chuckled the gray-headed man. "Came in here at the last moment to look around and got sleepy. Well, since I am paying for the saving of the human race, I might as well witness the details of the salvaging. It will be a grand adventure, Henry, and I doubt not we shall never regret it. I have a surprise for you. When I came on the ship my dog followed me. As fine an English bull as you ever saw, and a bitch."

"What?"

"Sure! Dogs die. They wither and grow old and die. We will live on and what would life be without a dog? Why, man, the human race has always had dogs; so, when you told me what kind of a dog you were going to take, I went and got a mate for him."

"And you intended to make the trip with me all the time?"

"A suspicious person might think so."

Just then the door opened. A young woman walked in. She was young and beautiful and she looked as though she might be intellectual. She wore a pretty little apron and she smiled as she asked,

"What time shall you men want supper?"

"At five, my dear, and I like my toast a trifle hard, with orange marmalade and tea."

As the woman left the room, Cecil turned on the old man.

"So, you did that to me? After all your fine words about being a woman hater, and selecting me because you knew I was a misogynist, and all that sort of thing, you go and take her with us."

"Now don't take it too hard," advised Tarvish.

"It really was on account of the dogs I did it," he added.

"What had the dogs to do with your allowing Ruth to come?"

"T'was like this. There will be little puppies, Henry, and you know what a little pup is like. One of the things it likes to do more than anything else is to play with a baby. Now, we cannot be cruel to the little dog and deprive it of its happiness."

"How about me? Are you comparing my happiness to that of a dog?"

"Not exactly; but look here. You are on a salary. One hundred a week for the rest of your life. You are hired to save humanity. That is your job, and how can you save it without a woman?"

"I do not want the job. Not if it means what it seems to mean."

The old scientist shook his head,

"I do not know what you are talking about. I thought I was doing you a favor. It seemed to me that a lifetime in a refrigerator would be tiresome, and you would tire of playing cribbage with me. Besides, there is the matter of toast. I like it just a certain way, and if it is any other way the meal is spoiled. Ruth knows how to toast it so it is just right. She has made toast for me at irregular intervals for years. You will be surprised to learn that she is my favorite niece. Another thing; the trip was her idea. She suggested it. My first thought was that she and I would make the trip by ourselves, but she felt that you needed a change; that you were too closely confined at your job. So, I had you come along to please her. It seems to me that the more I try to help people the more I am misunderstood."

"I'll be damned!" exclaimed Cecil.

"You probably will unless you make an effort to be nice to Ruth. She said your excuse for not marrying her was the lack of a sufficient income and enough leisure. You have both now. Suppose we have supper."

Hours passed and days. Weeks folded up their tired frames and went to sleep in the cemetery of time. The old man spent more and more hours in the library, usually with one or both bulldogs. Cecil learned to be nice to Ruth. They found that, given leisure and an adequate income, they had a number of things in common.

At last they reached Mercury and landed on its superheated surface. In every way the refrigerating mechanism worked as it was supposed to work. Life in the space ship was pleasant, placid and peaceful. The bullpups were growing up. Ruth and Cecil were growing up. The old man laughed more and more to himself.

Over the space radio they received news from the earth. It was not at all pleasant and confirmed Tarvish's worst anticipations. The automatons were winning the struggle for supremacy. Unless something happened, the human race would first be enslaved and then destroyed.

Tarvish laughed over these messages and commented,

"At least, we have made Mercury safe for humanity."

"And for the race of bulldogs," added Ruth, running into the room.

"Our population is increased by four of the finest little pup you ever saw." She rushed out as fast as she had rushed in.

"Poor little doggies!" sighed Tarvish, looking at the young man out of one corner of his eye. "No babies for them to play with."

"Ruth is looking after that," replied Cecil rather sadly.

She is a great girl," purred the old man. "Wait a minute, are you two married?"

"Yes. The night before I left the earth I consented to a formal marriage. I had not told her of my plans to take this trip and spend the rest of my life away from earth, so, just to please her, I let her have her way and we were married. I said goodbye to her at the church, never expecting to see her again, and all the time she knew she was going to make the space trip with me. I do not believe I ever will trust a woman again. It has been a wonderful lesson to me."

"How do you like her cooking?"

Cecil brightened up.

"Keep your clothes in order."

Cecil beamed. The old man smiled as he whispered,

"Let's play a game of cribbage, you confirmed misogynist."

A month later the little doggies had two babies to play with, twins, a boy and a girl. It began to look as though a start was made toward the saving of humanity.

And then the mysterious message came to them.

For three days all earth messages over the super radio were blocked. Evidently some supreme power was preventing all radio waves in order to clear the ether for its own purposes. Then the message came over

and over again as though in fear that if only sent one time or a dozen times it would be lost.

People of Mercury: Construct a space ship in accord with our instructions which will follow and send a representative to the crater Copernicus of the satellite of the third planet.

Signed: Dos-Tev

Tarvish thought it over from every possible viewpoint. At last he called Henry Cecil into the library and told him to shut the door.

"What do you think about it, Henry?" he asked.

"Ruth says that Henry, Jr., gained a half pound last week, but cries a good deal. Little Angelica laughs a goo-goo laugh, but does not grow as fast as her brother."

The old man looked disgusted.

"Being a father ruined you as a general conversationalist. All you can talk about is babies, babies, babies. Henry, Jr., is probably crying because he has found out that he is a male, and Angelica says goo-goo because she belongs to the superior sex. What I want to know is your opinion of the message we have been receiving."

"Oh! That? What I do not understand is how they knew we came to Mercury?"

"They don't know. They just hoped there was some form of life on Mercury and wanted to communicate with it. But why?"

"Perhaps they are having an interplanetary Rotarian Meeting of some sort and want us to send representatives?"

"That is a silly thought, Henry, but there may be something to it. They may be sending the same message to every planet, and the message we received is the same the people received on the earth. It may be a grand hoax and then again it may be something very vital, something so great in its scope that even a limited comprehension of it is impossible. But I have made up my mind as to what to do. I am going to separate the two parts of our ship, leave you and Ruth and the babies here with some of the dogs and I am going to take the other half of the ship and go to the Moon and find out what it all means."

"You are going to do nothing of the kind!" declared a very convincing

and determined voice.

"Ruth Cecil! Do you mean to tell me you have been listening?"

"How could I help it?" replied the young mother. "I come in here to ask you for advice in regard to the children and find you making plans to go off and leave us here. I am not going to let you!"

"You better let us settle this, Ruth," urged the old man.

"Certainly; he knows best," added Cecil. "It is no trip for babies to make."

"Have it your own way," replied the defeated girl. "What do you want for supper?"

That night Tarvish dreamed he was floating through space. There was a slight sense of nausea, a deeper sense of impending danger. The room seemed chilled. He awoke, shivered, felt the unusual vibration of some powerful machinery. Startled, he jumped out of bed, pulled on a dressing robe and ran into the adjoining bedroom. Cecil was in bed, still asleep, but sneezing. The babies were well covered, as were the dogs. Ruth was missing.

"Where's Ruth?" asked Tarvish, shaking Cecil by the shoulder.

The young man awoke, looked around, collected himself and gasped,

"Gone."

They ran through the half of the ship which had served them for a home on Mercury. The woman was not to be found. Looking out the windows, they learned part of the truth. The ship had left Mercury and the hot planet was already receding. An open door told the rest of the tale.

Startled beyond words, they ran into the other end of the space ship and found Ruth in the control room, busily engaged in pressing buttons and studying a map of the universe.

She was the only calm one of the three.

"What are you doing, Ruth?" demanded the old man.

"I have started this family to the moon."

"But who said you should?" asked the husband.

"I said so, silly boy. Do you think we were going to stay in that

dull inferno and let Uncle make the trip by himself? Once he was gone, what was going to happen to us? And our children? All well enough to talk about saving Mercury for humanity, but we brought children into the world, and, if we stay on Mercury whom would they marry? And where would they go to school? I want them to have a little social life. And then we have to consider their collegiate education. And how about the dogs? Two of the little pups are females. They ought to have their chance. And then there are other things. Who would make Uncle's toast for him if I did not stay with him? And I am out of the yellow floss for my hooked rug and cannot do a thing on it till I get some more, and you need some new stockings, and my watch does not keep time, and next year is the fifth reunion of my class and all of the Sorority will be back and they will expect me there. I am the Grand Historian. So, we are all going to the moon, and after that we are going back to New York and do some shopping, and I wish you would find out which button to press to turn on the heat, because now that we are away from Mercury we have nothing to neutralize the cold of the refrigerating system; and if you men feel the way I do, you are not at all comfortable. I covered the babies up before I left them, but I suppose they are uncovered by this time; so, I am going back to look after them and leave you men with the machinery. I set the course for the moon, but just at this minute I feel that perhaps I looked on the wrong page and we are heading for Mars instead. You see, they both start with M, and it is confusing. Goodnight. See you at breakfast."

"Wonderful, girl!" sighed the old man. "College graduate."

"She is wonderful," agreed the young man. "At times when I am with her I feel like killing her, yet, when I am away from her for just a few minutes I feel so lonely I know I could not live without her. Did you ever see that way about a woman?"

The old man did not answer the question. Cecil continued,

"Did you listen to her stream of thought? Was it logical? Was it connected? Was there any sense to it?"

"Women don't think as men do," sighed Tarvish.

"I wonder if they think at all!"

The correct adjustments were made to the machinery. Gradually the ship grew more comfortable. Looking out through the windows, the two men saw Mercury, now simply a pin point of super-heated metal. One of the bulldogs ran in, sat down at the old man's feet, and started to lick his hand. Far in the distance they heard the laugh of a little baby.

"We are going to the moon," said the old man, "for new adventures, but it is nice to think that no matter what happens to us we are going as a family, all of us, even the little doggies."

Ruth called in through the door.

"What do you men want for breakfast?"

The ship sped speedily spaceward.